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Some of the Best Illinois High School Poetry of 1958

MAR 22 1961

Selected by the Department of English, Millikin University

Dr. Ruth Maxwell, chairman

Neal F. Doubleday, Doris Jean Nichols, and Ethel Parkinson

It is good to report that much of the poetry submitted showed insight and originality. At times it was difficult to make a choice, for additional poems could have been selected had space permitted. Those included will indicate what better students are producing; they may well serve as models for future creative writers. A suggestion might be that poems are likely to be better when they grow from the student's own experience, rather than from an indicated subject or area.

The judges wish to convey their congratulations to those students whose poems appear in the publication. The IATE, again this year, is sending each of them a certificate.

Your students may find it profitable to discuss these poems. Additional copies (twenty-five cents each, or twenty cents each for ten or more) may be obtained from Harris Wilson, 109 English Building, Urbana, Illinois.

If you wish your students to compete, start saving their best writing now. Detailed instructions will appear in a fall issue.

RUTH MAXWELL

THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST

I am the mightiest!
Ruler of mountains!
King over nations!
Snow on my lowest peaks,
That is how high I reach!
Everest!
The impregnable!
Stronger than the strongest!

Men are just weaklings!
I overpower them!
With their futile plots,
They plan to conquer me!
But I will show them,
I always have!
They never shall touch me!
With faces of awe,
They look at my grandeur.
They scheme to become mightier.
Mightier than I!
That never shall be done!
Everest is greatest!
Grandest and mightiest!
Men never will grow up!
They fight with each other!
How could such weaklings,
Weaklings and children,
EVER overcome me?!
I! I am Everest,
Ruler of nations!
Look at them struggling,
Fighting and struggling,
To reach even my lowest peaks!
Even my smallest!
Men are such fools!
I throw them down crevasses!
I steal the very air they breathe!
Men cannot fight me,
I am too strong!

Watch them come creeping,
Climbing and sliding,

Trying to climb me!
See, how I deal with them,
Watch them go back at last,
Beaten, defeated!

There is another group.
They don't even work together!
Look at them!
Now I blow!
Winds are at my command!
These men are stronger,
But still they are weaklings!
They can resist winds,
How about avalanches?!
Look at them scatter!
Hah! I have conquered them!
Wait! They are coming back!
They must be insane!
They climb even higheer!
Bruah! I will show them!
Whistling winds! Crevasses opening! Avalanches tumbling!
Snow all around them!
Blinding them
Killing them!
Still they keep coming!
These men have something, that I will say for them!
But now I will show them!
I must, or be beaten!
What! What is this I think?!
I must be crazy!
I can never be conquered!
No! I am Everest!
Mountain of mountains!
Ruler of worlds!

Now! I must concentrate,
Come, all my powers!
Wind! Whistling, screeching, deafening!
Snow! Glaring, blowing, blinding!
Cracks! Opening, sucking, dashing them down!
Boulders! Crashing, ruining, crushing them!
They should be beaten, now!

They dared to defy my powers!
 Look at them now!
 Let that be a lesson to mankind!
 I, Everest, will always triumph—
 No! Back they come, again!

Two of them, only two!
 Surely I can kill two men!
 I sit, I watch in horror!
 Closer they come, closer!
 Parting my clouds!
 Climbing, and climbing, and climbing!
 Up, and up, and up, until they reach the top!
 I am conquered!
 But that is impossible!
 There they stand, at the top,
 Triumphant at last!
 I, the great Everest, am conquered!
 By men!
 Rather by valleys, pulling me down;
 Even insects, gnawing me down!
 But not men!
 NO!

VICTORIA RANDALL, ninth, Glenbrook H. S., Northbrook
 Charles B. Ruggless, teacher

TRIAL

Confess?
 Yes,
 To deed
 Of greed,
 But slay,
 Nay.
 Didn't kill,
 Never will.
 But worry,
 Rigged jury.

Jurors adjourn,
 Return.
 Tension.

Apprehension.
Court decree:
Guilty!
Won't repent,
Innocent.
Penalty
Death on tree.

In jail,
No bail.
Chained.
Restrained.
Want to go.
No.
Hangman's rope,
No hope.
Life's gone
At dawn.

STEVE GEHLBACH, eleventh, Evanston Twp. H. S.
Barbara Pannwitt, teacher

TRAMP

March came down like a barefoot stranger,
Clothes in rags, hat askance,
Singing of highway and tavern laughter,
Shaking the cold-numbered earth to dance.

March come down, sack over shoulder,
Laughing unsocial doors to shame,
Crooked, unshaven, mocking morals,
And went indifferent to our blame.

We cannot console with weeping April
Who racks the earth above and below,
Picking with needle-green at its cover,
Etching with rains its calico.

Now we will miss a certain stranger
Who touched the year with returning time,
Tearing our hearts with the hand of gladness,
Thrilling our ears with his raucous rhyme.

MARY ANN RADNER, eleventh, Evanston Twp. H. S.
Mr. Mosing, teacher

THE DOLL THAT WENT TO HEAVEN

The doll lay by the chimney-place
Her brown yarn hair was gone.
With tattered dress and dirty face
She stretched her arms and yawned.

She blinked her big, black button eyes
And smiled as best she could.
Then leaning back, she pushed and pulled
Until upright she stood.

She stepped at first quite gingerly
But finally made her way
Across the dark, secluded house
And out into the day.

She wobbled here, then wobbled there
And kept on, until dark
Had covered all the countryside
Except in one small part,

Where brightly colored lights all shown
Upon a Christmas tree.
The dolly stopped; she raised her head
The topmost star to see.

Then leaving all her worldly woes
She slipped into the snow
And floated up to heaven
As only God would know.

KAREN TRACY, eleventh, Moline H. S.
DeWayne Roush, teacher

COLD

Oh, bitter cold of this dull day,
How piercing and savage thy breath!
From boreal caverns away up north,
Expelling thy chill of death.

Oh, stinging cold of arctic climes,
Rejoice not thy presence herein.
For one day soon fair Maid of Spring
Will pursue thee home to thy den.

BILL FORD, eleventh, Eisenhower H. S., Decatur
Helen Hunsinger, teacher

THE SNOWMAN

There's a chubby snowman in my yard,
Standing straight and tall;
He looks like the king of the boulevard
And makes everyone else look small.

His eyes are black of shiny coal;
His nose is made from a carrot;
He looks to be a kindly soul
And a person of much merit.

He's happiest when it's cold,
Dressed in his scarf and cap;
You would never hear him scold,
In the coldest place on the map.

When it is warm, he feels so blue;
He's really in a muddle;
He cries and doesn't know what to do,
Then, ends up in a puddle.

JANE CARNAGHI, seventh, Washington Jr. H. S., Rock Island
Gertrude McCreary, teacher

LIMERICK

There once was a Greek named Ulysses
Who was gone far too long from his Mrs.
But when he returned,
The dinner was burned.
"How much like old times," he said, "this is."

MARGIE RUSSEL, ninth, Evanston Twp. H. S.
Ardene Stephens, teacher

TELL US, O CREATOR

Tell us, O Creator,
Why are we here?
 Why do we live each day?
Why do we sleep
And eat and drink
 And in the Garden of Evil play?

What is life
Behind its mask?
 What is our purpose here?
What on this earth
Do You want us to do?
 Why are we always in fear?

What is death
Behind its shroud?
 Is it really blissful and still?
Do our evil deeds and thoughts
Come back to haunt us?
 Is this truly Your will?

Why is there hate
And envy abroad?
 Why is there hunger and greed?
Why do we lie
And steal and cheat,
 And then from guilt are we freed?

Tell us, O Creator,
Why are we here?
 Why do we live each day?
Why do we sleep
And eat and drink
 And in the Garden of Evil play?

BARBARA GIBSON, eleventh, Marseilles H. S.
Margaret Radle, teacher

ABSALOM

I saw him first in a great parade
And my heart to him I gladly paid
For his mouth was soft

And his face was white
And his hair was black
And his eyes were bright
He was noble, tall, and proud, and fair,
And he smiled at me as he saw me stare
At the youth who would soon ascend the throne
The comely one, young Absalom.

I saw him next at the head of his host
But his face was as pale and cold as a ghost
His triumph now they did not sing
For they knew he marched against the king
His father, who loved him more than life
(Oh, Absalom, would I were your wife!)

I saw him last in his grave, alone
And I was told to throw a stone
At a son who'd defied his father's will
And tried his brothers, too, to kill
But I confess on this lonely hill—
Oh Absalom, I love you still!

JACQUELYN FRIEDMAN, twelfth, Evanston Twp. H. S.
Charlotte Whittaker, teacher

CHRISTMAS IS FOR CHILDREN

You've heard the grownups say,
"Christmas is for children;
For them we must have tinsel trees
And gifts all bright and gay."

Yes, Christmas is for children
In a very special way;
For Christ was born a child, Himself,
On that first Christmas day.

So, on this Christmas morning
Let's kneel in silent prayer;
For we are all God's children
And He will surely care.

MARYANNE GRUNDLER, twelfth, Pontiac Twp. H. S.
Ruth Horrell, teacher

PASTERNAK

Since time began, the tyrants came and went,
With murderous assault on mankind's soul.
Each tyrant for a while his people bent,
And shackling countless minds, took frightful toll.

But always there has been a voice to speak,
By dogged and relentless spirit spurred,
To protest loudly, or in satire sleek,
To challenge tyrants with the written word.

Today when millions dare not raise a voice,
But choose the easy, fearful follower's way,
The current voice of freedom makes his choice,
And speaks, and wins great honor in his day.

The free world gives its Nobel Prize, its best.
Has free thought made him martyr with the rest?

DAVID HODGSON, twelfth, Palatine Twp. H. S.
Wayne Pethick, teacher

ODE TO A SNOWFLAKE

I am a little snowflake;
I'm very soft and white.
Last night I was in heaven
Before I took my flight.

Down, down, down I fell,
Down to the earth below.
There I met my relatives
Together we made snow.

I guess I fell upon a street
Because that very night
A great big snowplow came along
And swept me out of sight.

Along the roadside now I lie
Until the sun comes 'round;
Then I will bid my fond good-byes,
And soak into the ground.

CAROLYN NELSON, tenth, East Rockford H. S.
Adele Johnson, teacher

SARA BROWNLEY

'Twas Halloween, the mystic night,
That Sara Brownley died;
She left a dog and skinny cat
A-grievin' at her side.
She never spoke with people much—
They called her odd and weird.
Just cats and dogs, that's all she had;
By people she was feared.
The mist hung low the night she died—
Shrill noises filled the air.
Look 'round you close this Halloween;
Sara Brownley might be there.

JANICE SKILBECK, tenth, Petersburg H. S.
Ruth W. Peterson, teacher

THE FOURTH WITCH

By the light of silver moon
Come we witches to give a boon.
Horny frog and slimy snake,
Murderer's tongue and Tartar's rake—
Come we here to give his death,
The noble thane, accurs'd Macbeth.

"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble."

Sea witch eye and lucky tern,
Cast by spirits that ye spurn—
Give the man true prophecy.
Appear it false; O, can this be
To turn the word upon the tongue
Which makes the right appeareth wrong?
Thus the wrong appeareth right,
Macbeth, have we reversed thy sight?

"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble."

O, murderous plot increased ninefold—
Think away thy destiny hold?
Your conscience cries, ye canst not sleep—
Beware, Macbeth, on rolls the deep.
The chase grows hot, in Hell you turn.
We'll drive you mad before you burn!

"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble."

Think you first before you leap,
—Imperious rule for soul held cheap?
In vain you wrestle, mortal man;
Your life control; O, little can.
For to aid us with your death,
We called our sister, Lady Macbeth!

BEVERLY THOMPSON, twelfth, Palatine Twp. H. S.
Wayne Pethick, teacher

OUR REDBIRDS

As poised and muscular as Mercury,
Proudly they don the cardinal and the grey.
Fleet-footed stalwarts dash from net to net
Like agile ballet-performers poised on toes.

Relaxing from the strenuous, grueling bout,
They snatch dry towels, gulp drinks, and pant for breath!
Heads bowed, hands crossed, the fiery Redbird flock
Crouch low to heed their leader's prudent plans.

Birdlike, our heroes flutter, soar or leap
To stalk the Tigers, Bearcats, Bulldogs, Rams;
In orderly confusion, win their stance;
Then place the "big egg" in its lofty nest.

DWANE MONFREDENI, junior, West Frankfort H. S., Frankfort
Velma Nave, teacher

THE GREAT WHITE RACE

"Bow down, you pitiful races—you hopeless, helpless men!
Kneel low, you black-skinned being, Mexican, Jew, and yellow
skin!

Be humble! Eyes cast downward! Don't dare rise! Keep your
place!

Out of the road, miserable peoples! Make way for the Great
White Race!

"Don't struggle for recognition—you're worthless anyway!

No one ever bothers with what you do or say.

Don't reach for personal gain! You're not a special case!

Shut up and bow down, mister! Make way for the Great White
Race!

"Don't give me that God-speech. That's for pioneers.

That's for all my ancestors, prophets, and chanticleers.

Of course God was great—the Father of all men,

Something to laud and worship, something to reach for—then.

"But, now, my friend, we're greater. Our race is all we need.

All look to us today—for guidance and to lead.

We want no God to hinder or stay us from our pace.

Don't bother us with trifles! Just make way for the Great White
Race."

BETH BODINE, twelfth, Peoria H. S.

Emily Rice, teacher

MORNING

Early in the morning
When night goes on its way,
The rooster in the barnyard
Declares the break of day.

Flowers in the garden
Spread sweetness soft and new.
Blades of grass like swords begin
To dance across the dew.

Lazy fields of golden corn
And swells of waving grain
Shed sparkling drops of crystal
After summer's cooling rain.

From distant hills and meadows
A gleam begins to grow,
Casting spears of morning light,
Awakening earth below.

TOM JOHNSON, tenth, East Rockford H. S.
Adele Johnson, teacher

A CHRISTMAS STORY

As soon as the frost fairy comes again,
And the north wind starts to blow,
She tells me an old old story,
Of a star and its wondrous glow.
The gentle shepherds left their flocks,
And the wise men traveled afar,
Their footsteps guided through the night,
By the light of that shining star.
And when they came to the stable door,
They quietly knelt to pray,
For the star light circled a tiny head,
Asleep on the manger hay.
Then one by one they left their gifts,
And softly turned away
And the star that brought them from afar,
Today still lights our way.

JAN HUSS, ninth, Mendota H. S.
Maude Strouss, teacher

HYMN OF THANKSGIVING

Thank you, Lord, for parents who
Sacrifice to care for me.
Thank you for their love so true
May I always faithful be.
Holy Trinity in Thee I find
God so generous and kind.
Thank you for my faith in You;
May it deepen and increase.
Thank you for the grace to view
Trials with an air of peace.
Peace of heart and peace of mind,
God so generous and kind.

Thank you for my daily bread
And for joys throughout my day.
For a place to rest my head,
Thank you, Lord, again, I say.
Mind and heart to Thee I bind,
God so generous and kind.

COLETTE DOLAN, twelfth, Notre Dame H. S., Chicago
Sister Mary Seraphine, teacher

CATS

Cats—
So sleek,
So smooth,
So peaceful,
"Ouch,"
So quick.

LIONEL GRIFFIN, eleventh, MacArthur H. S., Decatur
Elizabeth Rowden, teacher

PAUSE BEFORE THE STORM

I stand alone on a hill.
The night is black and dark and still;
The last leaves of autumn flutter and fly
As the night wind comes gently whispering by.
But suddenly all movement stops;
The wind is quiet, the leaves are still,
I dare not move, lest I break the spell.
But soon there comes a brilliant flash,
Followed at length by a thundering crash.
The moment, the spell, is broken at last—
The pause before the storm is past.

JOSEPHINE SIMS, tenth, Petersburg H. S.
Ruth Peterson, teacher

DEJECTION

The scientist had worked so hard
On machines that couldn't be beat.
But by the time he finished them,
The things were obsolete.

ALAN VANHULL, twelfth, Moline H. S.
Miss Barnett, teacher

I'LL TAKE IT ANYWAY

Money isn't everything.
It doesn't mean a lot.
But it's sure ahead of anything,
That's now in second spot.

ALAN VANHULL, twelfth, Moline H. S.
Miss Barnett, teacher

APRIL

Lovely April,
Sweet little miss,
Bring back the sunshine
And warmth with your kiss.

Come quickly, young April,
You've been gone too long.
The world has been silent;
It waits for your song.

Come sing to us, April,
Come brighten the hours.
Bring back the brightness
And sweetness of flowers.

GRACE BUCHNER, eleventh, Kelvyn Park H. S., Chicago
Laura Maccallini, teacher

BOYS

I think that I shall never see
A boy who quite appeals to me.
A boy who doesn't always wear
A lot of grease upon his hair.
A boy who wears a silly grin
And never keeps his shirt tails in.
But boys are dated by fools like me,
Who overlook the faults they see.

JOAN BAKER, tenth, Moline H. S.
Ruth Vertrees, teacher

DEATH

What *is* death?
The quiet darkness of the night?
The musty smell of an empty room?
Loved ones left behind?
A tearstained face and the soft murmur of crying?
Suddenly the light shines through—
God's love, the brightness of day,
The sweet smell of a garden,
Faces of those gone before.
Warm memories and—
That is death!

JERRILYN FRISK, tenth, Naperville H. S.
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

EVERY DAY

Every day I loved her more
From dawn until the night
And all the things that she would do
I knew they were all right.

Every day I loved her more
But to tell her I knew not how.
She went away to visit God.
Pray, how do I tell her now?

BARBARA WALKER, eleventh, Champaign H. S.
Marion Stuart, teacher

ENTER FALL

O hot breath of summer,
Too long have your fiery blasts
Scorched the gentle earth.
A change!
A change, I say.
Let the stagnant air freshen.
Let the cool air sharpen the mind.
Let the autumnal zephyrs swirl the leaves
Into multicolored mosaic patchworks.
Begone, summer; and good riddance!
Enter, fall.

WILLIAM GARRISON, eleventh, Champaign H. S.
Marion Stuart, teacher

DARKNESS

Darkness shapes fear.
Molding secrets are locked in shadow.
Darkness sails as an enemy galleon,
 manned by a crew of death and despair,
 riding a desolate sea.
Darkness is an infinity of terror.
The penetrating aloneness that
 destroys comes with the
 fading of a sunset.
Darkness is a haunting realm,
Peopled by empty spirits,
Where dry leaves beat a staccato
 on broken panes.
Darkness spins a continuous
 wheel of eternity.
Darkness brings good—
An enfolding blanket dimming
 harsh truths,
A misty fog keeping secrets,
Known only by the reflecting stars.
Darkness glides, passing over
 the earth on silent wings,
Bringing peace,
Leaving hope, warmth, and
 slumber.

CHRISTIE ELLIOTT, ninth, Jacksonville H. S.
Maurine Self, teacher

TIME

Time,
An elfin sprite,
Dances the clockhands round;
But he drags his feet
As he shuffles
Through the calendar leaves.

BECKY HUSS, twelfth, Pearl City H. S.
Mary Brady, teacher

SHE SHALL WALK BY THE SEA

She shall walk by the sea,
And the sky shall be dark before.
The waves shall curl over her feet,
And her footprints shall be filled with water and disappear.
Her hair shall be wild and loose,
And wave in the wind when the salt in the air comes through.
The birds shall fly up from their nests,
And circle into the sky.
And she shall look up and follow their flight with deep blue eyes.
And her eyes shall mirror the sky;
Her face reflect the wonder of the world.
She shall slowly turn,
And look past the far horizon.
She sees tomorrow,
And that is why the wonder is in her eyes.
When she has gone there shall be no trace of her passing,
But the sky shall be gold with glory—
And I shall know where she has gone.

VICTORIA RANDALL, ninth, Glenbrook H. S., Northbrook
Charles B. Ruggless, teacher

TOGETHER

Together,
We walk the way to judgment,
White, red, yellow, and black man,
Advancing side by side.
Moslem, Hindu, Christian, Jew,
Men from the East, the North, the West, the South,
Striding together.
We are the dead marching to meet our Maker.
We are oblivious of race and creed,
For souls are not blemished by color or religious belief.
Saint Peter hails us not as separates, but as brothers.
We are dead, yet we will live forever,
Together.

JOHN MANN, eleventh, Jacksonville H. S.
Ruby Mann, teacher

NOT ENOUGH SUN

Many thunders my ears have heard;
Too many rains I have walked in,
Not enough sun.

Thunder, thunder everywhere,
Not far, not near;
Thunder over and under me.
The Ultimate Drummer destroys
The earth, a second-class
Orb at best, rotating around
A miserable star whose number
Runs into many digits.
The mushroom cloud conceived
At Los Alamos is dropped on
Los Angeles, the city of angels,
Now in reality a city of angels
Or damned, as the case may be.
The End

has

come.

Many thunders my ears have heard;
Too many rains I have walked in,
Not enough sun.

J. H. MORRISON, twelfth, Jacksonville H. S.
Emma Mae Leonhard, teacher

THE RAT

Slinky, crafty, long and lean comes the rat.
He slides along the floor slowly looking for his prey
Ranging from left over garbage to baby's fingers.
His two beady eyes flicker a distant yellow and green
While his long unshaped whiskers flit across his face
in anticipation.
The glossy skin on his back shows he has been well fed—
at least for a time—
And the rough cylinder-like tail drags methodically
after him—a forgotten item.
He sees his food and ponders for a moment,

Then scurries over to a corner to wait. . . .
He waits and waits while hunger continually gnaws at him.
Now, no longer is he afraid
But boldly goes forward to get the cheese he has spotted. . . .
A smart animal, the rat, consistent in most of his movements ;
Yet, like a human, who often gets too sure of himself,
He gets caught in a trap.

SUE TABACIK, twelfth, Arlington H. S.
Virginia Harrod, teacher

NIGHTFALL

After Twilight finger-paints the sky
And ghostly bats go flitting by,
Down drops the misty veil of night,
Absorbing every ray of light.
For a moment all is calm and still
Then, from a tower upon a hill
A flock of bells with silver wings
Chime out their tune ; Diana brings
Her shafts of light to pierce the gloom.
Silently stealing from room to room,
These beams of light will stare and peep
At children lost in slumber deep.

HONIE WEBSTER, ninth, Evanston Twp. H. S.
Ardene Stephens, teacher

HARD JOURNEY TO TOMORROW

I ride the bus of the Hard Women,
The women returning from counter and desk,
The women of the strained eyes and taut faces,
The Hard Women.
Next to me, the zebra-coated brunette of the
Flashing earrings,
Phony smile, and
Glinting snake eyes,
Gossips dryly on the stupidity of employers.
A student, book-laden and with softing beard,
Enters, to stand an aisle-bound victim in a cloister of
Scornful glances,
Hated at once for saying nothing and for

Daring to intrude on
 Them.
 He stares, red-eared, at the ceiling.
 The gross one of the red-tinted hair
 Sneers
 At the man, one of those, one of the many, one of the sex
 That never flattered her, or respected her,
 Or married her.
 Sophistication, the angry-cheeked young secretary,
 Stares
 Coldly at him, evaluating and rejecting.
 Young, pretty, she has lots of time to
 Pick the lucky catch
 Or become one of
 The Hard Women.
 And I ride that bus of the Hard Women
 To get home.
 And I watch them and the young student,
 And I hear their gossip
 And taste their frustration,
 The while my lips thinning,
 My face pinching,
 And my heart lapsing bitter

and Hard.

MONICA PANNWITT, twelfth, Evanston Twp. H. S.
 Clarence W. Hach, teacher

WORDS

Do you like words?
 I like words;
 Long, slow, heavy words
 Like *plod* and *clod*
 And *pull* and *mule*
 And *grunt* and *runt*.
 Merry, happy, laughing words
 Like *splash* and *dash*
 And *sing* and *fling*
 And *gay* and *may*.
 Words that sparkle, words that shine,
 Words that form a valentine.
 Soft, tender, gentle words

Like *live* and *dove*
And *kiss* and *bliss*
And *smile* and *aisle*. ~
Rough, wild, and woolly words
Like *west* and *test*
And *men* and *yen*
And *fight* for *right*.
Do you like words?
I like words—
All sorts of words.

SYBETHE PALM, tenth, Evanston Twp. H. S.
Lina Spaulding, teacher

AN ALLITERATION

Colors can be compared with nature's natural colors ;
Pale as the pink of the plain when the sun sets,
Green as the grass on the ground where the dirt is dark,
Yellow as the young daffodil that delights in the daytime,
Blue as the bright sky as one goes on a sunny spring stroll,
Red as the roses that reign over others in the garden,
Purple as the peaked mountains,
And orange as the sun over the sea.

NANCY QUACKENBUSH, ninth, J. Sterling Morton H. S., Cicero
Shirley Snell, teacher

A BABE WAS BORN

The deer in the forest rose watchful and silent.
He looked at a star seen half way round the world.
How did he know
A babe was born?

The fox stole silently through the night,
Shrouded in a glint of silvery sheen.
How did she know
A babe was born?

The sheep in the meadow grew restless,
For this night was unlike any other they had known.
How did they know
A babe was born?

The camel was weary from days of travel
And stopped under the Star.
He knew.

LIZ STERN, ninth, Evanston Twp. H. S.
Ardene Stephens, teacher

BECKONING PRAIRIES

I've been in noisy cities.
I've walked beside the sea.
I've stood in stately forests,
But the prairies are for me.

Refrain: I hear my prairies singing
A song so soft and low.
The waving grasses beckon.
What can I do but go?

I've been away too long now
From my prairies and their song.
Life prevents return now,
But dreaming can't be wrong.

Refrain: Yes, I hear my prairies singing
Their song so soft and low.
The waving grasses beckon.
How I wish that I might go.

I hear the grasses swaying,
And I hear the cattle low.
I feel the warm sun shining
And feel the free winds blow.

Refrain: Yes, I hear my prairies singing
Their song so soft and low.
The waving grasses beckon.
How I wish that I might go.

I love the drumming of the grouse.
I love the lark in flight;
And too the splendor of the day—
The lonesomeness of night.

Refrain: Yes, I hear my prairies singing
Their song so soft and low.
The waving grasses beckon.
How I wish that I might go.

Soon now I shall be leaving.
The veil of death draws nigh.
The soul from body shall be free.
To the prairies it shall fly.

Refrain: For I hear my prairies singing
Their song so soft and low.
The waving grasses beckon.
What can I do but go?

CAROLE STENTZ, eleventh, Glenbard H. S.
Faye Homrighous, teacher

UPLIFT

When flying down some long steep hill,
I sometimes feel an icy chill
Come racing up my spine.

A sudden tingling on my skin,
Exhilaration deep within
Make joy completely mine.

No room on hills for lethargy
Or cowardice or dreams.
For one brief instant, time stands still,
And power reigns supreme.

VIRGINIA SMITH, eleventh, Bloomington H. S.
Grace Schedel, teacher

A HUMOROUS EPITAPH

Here lies poor Freddie, who stopped on the stair
To lean down and pick up a pencil dropped there;
As he searched all about, he did not heed
The last period bell which brought the stampede.

CRAIG SEITZ, ninth, Maine Twp., Park Ridge
Paulene Yates, teacher

WINTER

When Winter sheds her coat of white,
It covers all the earth;
The North Wind whistles late at night
When Winter sheds her coat of white.
Wind pierces men as if in spite
For all their summer fun and mirth;

When Winter sheds her coat of white,
It covers all the earth.

MIKE JOHNSON, ninth, Maine Twp. H. S., Park Ridge
Paulene Yates, teacher

AUTUMN

As autumn deftly paints the world,
It overlooks not one lone shoot.
The leaves are colored bronze while furled
As autumn deftly paints the world.
The stems of aging plants are curled,
And sap of trees drains to the root.
As autumn deftly paints the world,
It overlooks not one lone shoot.

JON OLSON, ninth, Maine Twp. H. S., Park Ridge
Paulene Yates, teacher

AT TWILIGHT

The treetops shiver in sheer delight,
For the setting sun leaves a wintry bite,
And weathered trunks that stoop with age
Suddenly turn another page.

The heavens take on a gilded hue
Of turquoise, rose, and azure blue,
And far beyond the setting sun,
The clouds float by as day is done.

GRETCHEN RIDER, ninth, Maine Twp. H. S., Park Ridge
Paulene Yates, teacher

MODERN DEATH

On this cold November night,
Somewhere in Alaska
The huge missile stands
Majestically.
Men, like bees serving their queen,
Ready the death-carrying device
For its ocean-spanning flight.
Then the last terrifying words come,

"Five
 Four
 Three
 Two
 One
 Ignition!"

There is a long,
 long pause of silence.

Then the huge
 Beast
 Rises like a graceful bird.
 The brilliant exhaust
 And deafening roar
 Tell the world that another man-made
 Monster
 Is on its way searching for
 Life
 To change to
 Everlasting
 Death

NATHANIEL KOHN, ninth, Urbana H. S.
 Evelyn Burgett, teacher

LIFE

Life is like a rose.
 A bud bursts, petals unfold,
 Then wither away.

JOAN DEGEN, ninth, Maine Twp. H. S., Park Ridge
 Paulene Yates. teacher

PREMEDITATION

Should we stop and wonder, Sir,
 And attempt to explore
 The future of this planet
 If we should go to war?

Sir, would the towns and cities,
 That stand so straight and tall,
 Be tumbled to destruction
 In such a dreadful squall?

And would our hearts, and souls, and prides
 Be completely torn?
 And how about our children,
 The young, the yet unborn?

Would you stop and tell me, Sir,
 If that is possible to do,
 Who would emerge victorious
 Or who could start anew?

And finally, Sir, I'll ask of you
 Just one more silly question,
 If we exist, what will we be,
 American or Russian?

NANCY WOELKY, eleventh, Grayslake H. S.
 Margaret Calhoun, teacher

CHAOS

Chaos is a contagion.
 With each new cry of havoc, his germs spread.
 With outbreak of terror, the malignancy
 Consumes another cell of sanity.
 A cornucopia reversed, he draws all
 Into his insatiable void, an absence
 Of peace, security, order, reason.
 A parasite, his bread is order.
 A parasite, he dies without it.

EDWARD FORMANEK, twelfth, J. Sterling Morton H. S., Cicero
 Marjorie Diez, teacher

CLOUDS

The clouds
 Travel on and on
 Never stopping.
 They are like a group of gypsies
 Knowing no destiny.

SHARON LUNDBERG, junior, East Rockford H. S.
 Jeanne Claeys, teacher

FOUR SEASONS

Spring is Childhood :
It's rollerskates and bubblegum,
Robin's songs and one best chum.
It's blossoms on a cherry tree.
How wonderful it all can be!

Summer is Youth :
It's lipstick and cokes and a high school band.
Boy meets girl and the future planned ;
It's roses and romance, graduation and fun.
Childhood is over and a new life begun.

Autumn is Maturity :
It's working and hoping and planning the day,
When children are grown up and well on their way.
Leaves start to fall, and each day brings anew
Moments of happiness and dreams that come true.

Winter is Remembrance :
It's old friends and loved ones who come to cheer,
When winter winds blow cold and clear.
Age comes with winter, but who will fear
Age or winter? Spring is ever near!

KATHLEEN ALTERGOTT, ninth, Taft H. S., Chicago
Julio Tiritilli, teacher

PRELUDE

When summer comes along she spreads
A blue silk carpet for the sky.
She rolls a few round cotton clouds
And leaves them to go floating by.
A drop of dew on one red rose ;
A stretch of land beneath my feet ;
A breeze to make my heart feel glad ;
Her job is 'most complete.
Yet there is something lacking ; yes,
She has forgotten one sweet thing :
To say hello to summer we must
Say good-bye to spring.

ROBERTA MUELLER, eleventh, Taft H.S., Chicago
Sander Postol, teacher

LIFE

If boldly we search,
Then surely enough we'll find
Love in a smile,
Peace in a word that's kind ;
Joy in a poem,
Sadness in things done wrong,
Beauty in children,
Unity in a song.
Oh, that the foolish men who see
Only the most material things may be
Wakened to Life,
Sweetly as now she stands,
With happiness in her eyes,
And strength in her own soft hands.

ROBERTA MUELLER, eleventh, Taft H.S., Chicago
Sander Postol, teacher

I AM

I am love, I am joy,
I am a song of praise,
I am fun and frolic,
I am Christmas.

I am a welcoming home,
I am the warmth of a smile,
I am a child's laughter,
I am Christmas.

I am the joy of giving,
I am an eternal hymn,
I am forever in hearts,
I am Christmas.

I am the birth of a Prince,
I am the rise of man,
I am the first for hope,
I am Christmas.

I bring peace on the earth,
I tell an old story,
I am yours forever,
I am Christmas.

CAROL PETERSON, eleventh, East Rockford H.S.
Jeanne Claeys, teacher

TO THE BEATNIKS IN SATIRE AND PITY

Death—!

Luscious, lovely, lumpy,
Depthy, droopy, dumpy,
Let the germ squirm
And I lie firm
In the soil,
No toil.

Neurosis, psychosis, done.
Pain, brain, none.
Decay in a day, fun.
My God,
Sod.

JOHN KLEIN, eleventh, Evanston Twp. H.S.
Mr. Mosing, teacher

HONORABLE MENTION

The following poems would have been printed if space had permitted:

Bloomington: "The Sky," by Judy Kelly (Dorothy Morin); "The Teenage Girl," by Marla Gwaltney; "The Snow," by Frances Eisenhower (Lorraine Kraft).

Carthage: "Beware the Spirit's Lance," by Loren Bivens (Mary Maberry).

Champaign: "Faces," "A Song To Death," by Rosemarie Richter (Mrs. Dorothy P. Swindell); "What I've Heard," by Ellen Templeton; "Moonsong (Lilith)," by Catherine Sterritt (Marion Stuart).

Chicago: "Promise of Tomorrow," by Gail Kay; "Repose," by Sheldon Allan Markham (Grace A. Lindahl); "The Spectre of the Burning Building," by Peggy Gibbons (Mrs. Farr); "Happiness," by Joyce Malartsik (Sister Mary Seraphine); "The Child," by Erika Schroif (Sister Mary Andrea, B.V.M.).

Cicero: "The Past," by Barbara Gongol (Marjorie Diez).

Decatur: "Wonders of Words," by Ruth Cox; "Death," by Patricia Freeman (Mrs. Agnes C. Armstrong); "Stars," by Sharon Hahn; "Just Long Enough," by Paul Poling; "Thunder Storm," by Connie Winfrey (Helen Hunsinger); "Questions for a Future Teacher," by Judy Steinman; "The Awakening,"

- by Audrey Smith (Martha Bunton); "Smoke," by Michela Cooper; "The Freight Train," by Don Crown (Sibyl Garrison); "Have You," "Liars," by Lionel Griffin (Charles Rupert).
- Des Plaines: "Sunday Privilege," by John Vosnos; "Autumn Twilight," by Susan Frazin (Paulene Yates).
- Evanston: "Limerick," by Merle McGrath (Ardene Stephens); "The Paradox," by Barbara Schwarm; "Eternity," by Donald Rubin (Geraldine La Rocque); "Night Walk," by Mary Ann Radner (Mr. Mosing); "John A-Dreams," by Joel Vance (Barbara Pannwitt); "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," by Robert Higgins; "Mahler's Fourth Symphony," by Shierry Meyer (Clarence W. Hach).
- Jacksonville: "The Earth's Rebirth," by Barbara Stark (Maurine Self); "Slave," by John Ward (Emma Mae Leonhard); "Thinking," by Judy Low; "Cycle," by David Reeve (Ruby Mann).
- Kansas: "The Arguing Man," by Dick Glatthaar (Tressa Bennett).
- Marseilles: "Scarlett O'Hara," by Patricia Corley (Margaret Radle).
- Mendota: "Sleep, Little Jesus," by Ruth Ann Maus (Maude Strouss).
- Naperville: "Tanka," by Elaine Davis; "The Possible Result," by Charles Ladd (Dorothy Scroggie); "A Plea," by Barry Groves (Leona McBride).
- Northbrook: "The Answer?," by Victoria Randall (Charles B. Ruggless).
- Olney: "Reunion," by Mary Conour (Margaret Griffin).
- Ottawa: "Wintertime," by Phyllis Ford (Keith Clark).
- Peoria: "Pride Goeth . . .," by Michael Carter (Emily E. Rice).
- Petersburg: "Sunset," by Donna Bell (Ruth W. Peterson).
- Rantoul: "A Cat's Tail," by Leah Mae Nelson (Mary Clifford).
- Rockford: "He," "In a World All My Own," by Sharon Lundberg (Jeanne Claeys); "Ballade Sans Nom," by Laura Foster; "My Son, My Son," by Janet Lundstrom (Adele Johnson); "In the Lowlands," by Tom Hoffman (Maud E. Weinschenk).
- Rock Island: "Sailing Ship Days," by Emmert Clevensine (Gertrude McCreary).
- Streator: "The Hunt of the Werewolf," by Sharon Hobkirk (Lucille M. Tkach).
- Urbana: "Water," by Walter Barnes (Evelyn Burgett).